LONDON LIFE.

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WHITE-CHOCKERED HYPOCRITES.

WHITE-CHOKERED HYPOCRITES.

Who are hypocrites?

I do not mean in this article to assert that because a man does not always practice what he preaches that he is, therefore, necessarily a hypocrite. Human nature, we know, is weak, and it does not follow that because a man does not carry out in practice all that he teaches that he is therefore dishonest in his advocacy of particular doctrines. A man may make a very eloquent speech on the desirableness of honesty and straightforwardness in your dealings with your fellow men, and then be guilty of petty theft. He is not thereby convicted of the crime of hypocrisy. He may have been thoroughly in earnest when he declaimed against the offence of theft, but his human nature not being strong enough to enable him to carry out his ideas, he fell into crime.

Such a man, therefore, although a rogue is very possibly not a hypocrite. But the real hypocrites are those who not only do not practice what they preach, but have no desire to do so, and can see no beauty in the virtues which they pretend to inculcate.

These people are to be found in all classes of life, especially amongst what are called the learned professions.

Doctors we know, who have taken advantage of the confidence of confiding husbands to abuse the trust placed in them, and instil into the wives of their patrons abominable ideas, which lead eventually to adultery. Such a man is certainly a hypocrite.

But there are worse than these; far, far worse, and they are those who, under the garb of religion, make that garb a cover to the vilest and most wicked practices. The parson, the ritualistic parson perhaps more prominently than any other, constantly abuses his high office by taking advantage of the opportunities afforded him by his so-called sacred office to debase the minds and ultimately to corrupt the bodies of girls who are entrusted to his care for priestly guidance and counsel. These men are hypocrites in the truest sense of the term.

They preach a doctrine not only which they do not practice, but which they have no wish to practice, and the beauty of which they have really no idea of.

They only make use of their sacred office for the purpose of getting that influence over young and inexperienced girls which will lead to their ruin. That this sort of thing is encouraged and fostered by the growing practice of the confessional there can be no doubt. How can we describe a man who takes advantage of a girl who comes to him to unburden her soul of that which weighs upon it, to instil into her mind prurient and lewd ideas by the suggestive questions he puts to her. Has this man got any real wish to promote the religious condition of his confesée? No; he is actuated solely by selfish lust, he has no desire to practice that which he preaches, he has no real belief in the great beauty and excellence of feminine chastity, although he professes to advocate it, and he is therefore one of the worst examples of hypocrites. But the ritualist is not alone in his hypocrisy.

He can find, or we can find, mates for him, both amongst the extreme evangelical church party and even amongst the dissenting ministers.

A few years ago I happened to go into the shop of a very well known purveyor of almost every thing that is required to refresh the inner man, who hangs out at the corner of Duke Street and Piccadilly, when a customer came in, before whom my modest order, which amounted to about a half-a-crown, was contemptuously set aside. I don't blame Messrs. F. and M. or their assistants, and I must admit that hearing the extensive scale on which he was giving his orders, I could not be surprised at their falling down and worshipping the big man, who had so much money and spent it so freely.

After he had gone, I made bold, although somewhat timidly, to ask who this magnificent customer of the establishment was.

The assisstant to whom I modestly had put my query looked at me with a glance of pity, mingled with contempt ere he answered, "Why don't you know, that's Sankey; we send parcels for him to St. John's Wood every day."

This was on a Saturday morning. The next day he was "Safe in the arms of Jesus," at the Agricultural Hall. Therefore that man, I think, may be put down as a hypocrite.

Not because of his buying champagne and other expensive dainties for his chosen ones, but because he systematically set himself before the world as a teacher of morality, in which he did not only not believe, but in which he had no wish to believe, and which he only used for the purpose of making money.

Some of the most dangerous of what I will call, for want of a better term, Humbug Parsons, are, however, to be found amongst the evangelical party in the established church. They pretend to pride themselves on having no confessional, and they lose no opportunity of decrying and abusing that institution, but they have a system of domiciliary visiting, which answers their purpose equally well.

A man leaves his wife with perfect confidence in the company of the evangelical rector or curate, as the case may be. But he wouldn't if he knew 'em as I know 'em.

These things suggest very serious considerations, and make us ask ourselves whether our clergy, High, Low, Broad, Ritualistic, Dissenting, or Catholic, are really any better than they ought to be.

My impression is, that they are not nearly so good as they ought to be.

About the Roman Catholic Priests, I will tell you something next week.

STREET CORNERS OF LONDON LIFE.

No. IV.—Petticoat Lane on a Sunday.

Whoever has missed a visit to the centre of Jewish enterprise on the Christian sabbath, has neglected a sight which is nowhere else to be seen in the great metropolis.

Petticoat Lane on a Sunday has no parallel or counterpart in this "breathing griping world of ours." On the ordinay work-a-day, events there are flat, stale, and unprofitable; and there is a quiet and want of vigour there which contrasts forcibly with the bustle, life, adventures, and excitement, manifest on the Lord's day in this sink of iniquity and abode of abominations.

Reader, have you been to the "Lane" on a Sunday? No; then come with us, only you must take "pot-luck" and look after your own *corpus*. We cannot vouch for your comfort or convenience. You must look to these adjuncts to pleasureable sensations yourself; we can do no more than chaperone you through the locale; for the rest, take care of yourself, and mind your pockets.

Come, we are in Aldgate High Street. The bells of Aldgate Church are calling grateful hearts to pray. There are crowds of the well-to-do and highly-dressed denizens of the place jolting against us on their way to the sanctuary of peace. We take no heed of them, but seeing a stream of working men of every shade of "rag and famish;" we follow, for we know the component parts of the motley throng are threading their way to the Mart, and we follow in the wake.

Here we are, between Aldgate High Street and Whitechapel High Street. At the entrance is a narrow thoroughfare, guarded by two gin palaces; the Essex Tavern kept by one Lowe, and the Bull's Head under the sway of the other. And looking up for the finger post of the spot, we find we are about to enter Middlesex Street, as we are informed on one side, and Petticoat Lane, as we are advised, on the other.

Aldgate High Street is crowded, but Petticoat Lane is still more thronged. It is Sunday, July 27th, in the year of rain and goloshes, 1879.

It is an exceptionally fine day for the season. A gentle breeze from the south-west wafts a cool and bracing air playfully around, and it tends to keep at bay the efforts of old King Sol to bring about a torrid heat; and, therefore, the atmosphere is more than endurable, it is refreshing.—Yes, until we dive into the narrow defile of the lane. Then there is a change of temperature; it becomes close and oppressive, and there is scarcely anything but filth and fustiness to be encountered

With an effort we push our way along through the closely wedged representatives of toiling humanity, who, like the merchants on the Rialto, here "most do congregate," for pleasure or for purchase. It is difficult to get along, so closely wedged are the struggling democracy.

Look up and about, on either side cast your eyes, every shop and every coign of vantage is occupied by excited and gestulating dealers in merchandise and comestibles. In the middle of the street are peripatetic vendors of pop guns, cheap studs, braces, and jewellery. Here is a second-hand hat shop. There a vendor of cigars and hob nails grimly watching a limited supply of both, whilst indulging, dirty-handed and dirty-faced, in the delights of the fragrant weed.

On the opposite side is Wiel's Dining Rooms, with large joints steaming in the window.

A little further on is a somewhat good-looking Hebrew patterer, elevated on the shop window-board, from which the frame is removed, doing his utmost to tempt thirsty souls to forget it is "close time" for bibulants, and inviting them to believe that, for the charge of one penny, he can supply their appetites with gin, rum, brandy, whiskey, port, sherry, or any other intoxicant, so far as taste goes. They do not, however, heed his appeal, but pass on.

I also saw an assortment of professional vocalists, who were evidently doing good business, by purchasing, at low prices, extremely good goods off J. Hyman, who has a well-known shop in the "Lane," and who describes himself as "Navel, Military, Livery, and Theatrical Clothier, of 2, Sandy Row, Artillery Lane, Bishopsgate. I've often passed Hyman's of a Sunday morning, and can recommend all pros to hunt out his den, which is in the lane "proper," and when they discover his shanty, they'll find one half of their pals there before them, picking out those lovely togs that go half-way towards earning the twenty quid a week that every comique gets, and yet poor Hyman sells the things for a few shillings, and, as a rule (after one o'clock) lushes them into the bargain. I admire his humour as describing himself as a *Navel* Clothier Nobody, except a Friendly Zulu goes about with his navel unclothed in England.

At the corner of Boar's Head Yard are a couple of philanthrophists, trying to make believe, for the small amount of one shilling, they will give a purse, always containing more than double the amount of current coin of the realm to the confiding individual who watches them place the chinking peices in the purse, and expects, if he buys, to find them there.

Here is a crocus man, or curer of ailments. He is a German Jew. On his stall are small lumps of Turkish rhubarb, and a brownish red liquid, with some golden-tinted cough drops. In measured monotonous strains, he hums: "Penny the glass of wine; quinine; don't forget to buy!" We know the old gentleman any time these thirty years, and mind us of a far-off time, when in the picturesque costume of the Orient, he stood in many parts of London, selling to her Majesty's lieges Turkish Rhubarb, as a panacea for most of the ills that flesh is heir to, so let him pass.

But what have we here? The three-card trick. "Who'll have a half-crown on?" The dexterous rascal invites competition, surrounded by as vile a crew of ruffianly confederates as are to be found in London, and this is saying a great deal for the fraternity of sharpers in Petticoat Lane. The gentry know human nature well. They are aware the Jew—the Jew pure, and the Jew tainted—is an inveterate gambler, and they are on the look-out to "cop" the principal and and interest on his exchange and barter.

It is easy to tell when the card sharp has bagged a flat, for he instantly, under the plea that the "copper" is coming, gather up his instruments, and moves off, closely guarded by his confederates, to break new ground a little further afield.

Here we are at Wentworth Street, a turning to the right, and driving rapidly down the branch line at the corner of which is the "King of Prussia," we are at once in the provender market proper, as an off-shoot of Petticoat Lane. This is a place of evil repute, a filthy sink of rascality. Here are fish-stalls, *ad lib.* A solitary Jewess is weighing out a compound, which may be, for aught we know to the contrary, pure butter. Her stall is remarkable for anything but cleanliness. Near her is a pleasant-looking old Jew, whose smiling features show little heed for the world's disappointments, but overhead, at the first-floor window, is seated about as villia ous a looking specimen of black humanity as ever our optics gazed upon. The wretch is frightful in his hideousness, and made us shudder as we gazed upon the brutal mouth into which he was craming some eatable, and feel glad so great a gap divided us from the sensualist of the upper story.

We have, however, no time to lose here. There is much to be seen, but we have no space at command to chronicle everything. It would require a goodly-sized volume to record a day's experience in Petticoat Lane and its purlieus.

Next we come upon a book hawker who deals in "slam" stock, and lives by deceiving the British public, by taking money for that which he has not got, as giving a duffing article in return. The fellow has seen better days. He once was in business, but lush and dissipation have done their work, and the bloated gin-sodden *litterateur*, ekes out a questionable existence as best he may by telling lies and palming off worthless rubbish for pleasant reading.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONDON LIFE.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1879.

HOT SPICE

I'LL whip ye, you that make religion a trade, you that preach a doctrine you do not practice, you that corrupt the morals of our wives and daughters.

* * *

But, there, I'll leave you to the tender mercies of our favourite artist, and of "Inky Ike," and if they do not show you up, write me down an ass.

* * *

Now that the Bank Holiday is past, I will repeat, what I have often urged, that the so-called St. John Lubbock's day is a mistake and a hideous carnival for the roughs, benefitting only publicans, and the railway, tramway and steamboat companies.

* * *

The only wonder is, that there are not more accidents, and if the statements contained in a letter I have received are correct, there have been some very narrow escapes, trains arriving at London Bridge at half-past two in the morning, in-of 11 a.m.

* * *

One correspondent tells us of the Albert Edward passing Blackwall Pier overcrowded with its rollicking, roystering, and living stead freight.

* * *

Jester is never more pleased and happy than when seeing the enjoyment of the working classes, but after the calamity of the loss of the Princess Alice in September last, Jester hopes they will take heed of his timely warning.

* * *

Charles Gorfin was selling *London Life* in Cannon Street, and was not causing an obstruction, but was summoned for doing so, and the summons was adjourned for a month. Query:—*London Life* being a registered newspaper, is there any reason why it should not be sold in the streets.

* * *

Why do so many authors, artists, and engravers congregate in the neighbourhood of St. Bride's Court? Is it that they are waiting to see a "Young Englishman," or do they wish to look at "Tom Tiddler's Ground" from a "Peep Show?"

* * *

Authors short; authors tall;
Artists dressed as for a ball;
Engravers who've no curiosity;
But all alike, impecuniosity.

* * *

"St. Lubbock," or as he might more appropriately be termed "St. Lushington," has a good deal to answer for. An old lady in Romney Street, Westminster, had, on the 4th of August, been making such copious libations in honour of her patron saint that she thought she saw him looking out for her in the street, and straightway jumped out of the window, as she thought, into his arms; she didn't do that, but very nearly broke her neck, and is now an inmate of Westminster Hospital.

* * *

"Suppose we toss up whether we shall find him guilty of manslaughter, or toss him off the scaffold, with a rope round his neck instead."

So argued a jury at Derby the other day, and they did toss up, and the result was that the accused is to be tossed off.

* * *

Whipping Girls in Schools. In a disgusting newspaper, which we observe, bye-the by, is sold chiefly by street girls, there has appeared a series of articles and letters under the above title. But this journal has been obliged to retire from its assumed elevated and high moral position.

* * *

It has received and published a letter from Mr. J. G. Roberts at all events it has published a letter purporting to proceed from that gentleman, in which he asks for the authority under which these statements are made in order that the society of which he is Secretary may take proceedings against the guilty parties.

* * *

How does the mendacious print in question respond to this appeal.

* * *

This journal appeals to the "Society for the Protection of Women and Children" to take up these cases in the interests of public morality, and the Secretary having applied to the Editor, has been informed that "We cannot give Mr. Roberts the particulars for which he asks, because they were given to us in confidence."

* * *

Is there here any real endeavour to promote morality? Is there not rather a tendency to pander to a depraved taste for nastiness and equivocal writing.

* * *

Perhaps the journal to which we allude may, on consideration think it more advisable to be more certain of their so-called facts before they publish them, and let Mr. Roberts a little more into the secrets of which they boast so loudly, but decline to substantiate.

* * *

A lady living in St. John's Wood is continually being pestered by her parents for money, which they squander in drink, &c., Sometimes they visit the house, but not when M. is there, as he particularly objects to them.

* * *

Is all the shopping genuine in St. Paul's Churchyard, if so, how is it there are so many ladies waiting for their friends.

* * *

That word *friend* implies a great deal, as there are degrees, even in friendship, especially with a particular sort of ladies.

* * *

At a certain public-house, not a hundred miles from Scotland Yard, the barmaid, a good-looking girl, is very fond of chaff, never minds how far it goes, and she has always an answer on her tongue ready for those saucy fellows.

* * *

D. meeting H., asked him why he had not gone with his wife? "Oh! she has a bad head-ache, and has gone to bed," replied H. "Nonsense, old boy; just saw your wife with a gentleman jump into a cab and drive to the Alhambra. Exit H. hurriedly.

* * *

I was very pleased on going to Walter Jones's the other day to find that the pet of all his customers had returned to his establishment, but regretted to find that she was only for a short time about to officiate behind the bar. So long as Walter keeps this charming young lady on the establishment he will be sure to "keep the Woolf from the door."

* * *

The Queen's doctor has got a cough—what a pity, poor dear. The *Lancet* is terribly afflicted, and calls for our agonised sympathies. I think he has had a very good innings, and has doubtless made himself comfortable.

* * *

After all there's nothing like leather, at all events so thought Messrs. Fleming and Simmonds, who went into the business of getting boots on the cheap to a very considerable extent. However, as they are committed for trial I must say no more about them for the present, more especially as there are not more than forty charges against them.

* * *

Charity never faileth, and the Rev. Mr. Bott's idea of charity is a very funny one. Surely he might pass his time in a more profitable manner than in marking pennies in order that his wife might be robbed of them, and when, after the terrible crime had been committed, which somehow it seems to Jester must have

been suggested to the child, by the people who marked and prepared the money for her to steal, promptly "ran her in."

* * *

No wonder he was hooted.

* * *

Mary Ann Lewis will, doubtless, when she gets a few years older, feel lively gratitude towards the reverend gentleman.

* * *

Your Editor has made some strong comments on our Parsons, who are both humbugs and hypocrites, and if he had seen the report of this case he might have been still more trenchant in his remarks.

* * *

Col. Stanley says that a newspaper correspondent has no business to fire on a Zulu. Colonel Stanley is quite right, but he ought to have made a more complete statement, and said that nobody had any right to fire on them, and still further, that it was not altogether justifiable to shoot a couple of thousand of them lying dead on the field.

* * *

The foregone conclusion, of course, inevitably followed, and Mrs. Hall got the worst of it, but the Jester cannot see what the reverend gentleman had done, or left undone, which entitled him to loud applause as he left the court.

* * *

He wants to marry another woman, and if the decree nisi is made absolute, no doubt he will speedily commit a little adultery on his own account.

* * *

The Fool is foolish enough to think that there is just as much prospective adultery in the desire to get rid of your lawful wife, no matter what her faults might have been, in order that you may marry another woman, as there is in smoking in a back kitchen with a livery stable keeper.

* * *

It only shows one half the world does not know how the other half lives.

* * *

Especially the religious half thereof.

* * *

Some of our contemporaries are very much grieved at the supposed terrible sufferings of our boys at public schools. There is a great deal too much namby-pamby sentiment about this sort of thing. I was at a public school myself, and I daresay that I had to go through a roughish time of it occasionally, but even when a "fag," I found that my temporary master was also my protector, and although he might domineer somewhat over me, he took care nobody else should.

* * *

All about "the spirit of a tender and sensitive boy being broken," is only so much twaddle. If your kids can't stand the rough-and-tumble business of public school life, keep them at home, and give them pap and tops and bottoms.

* * *

"Society" seems to be greatly disturbed at hearing that the boy who has, pro. tem., been allowed to occupy the throne whereon his mother once sat (it would be utterly impossible to say where his father sat, or who he was), was very nearly coming to grief the other day, No great harm seems to have been done, and "*no cause for anxiety exists.*"

* * *

If the consequences had been fatal, no cause for anxiety need have existed.

* * *

The Marquis of Lorne has taken to shooting in Canada. In spite of the fact that he bags a large amount of game, his august wife is still of an opinion that he is, after all, but a "poor shot."

* * *

It has come to the knowledge of Jester that a small gent, who once walked the Bristol stage in the comic line, is about to wed a fair damsel of Denmark, who used to wear the red robes. Jester hears that this dashing young swell has been pressing his suit rather too boldly, and trying to pop in too often at meal times. Jester does not say it is done wilfully, nor do he think that the dinner is begrudged, but it is singular, to see an hungry actor, five days out seven, calling in when the hot mutton is just put on the table. Mutton and salmon are very good, but have to be paid for. May Jester ask this blooming damsel to forgive this erring youth of twenty-four.

* * *

The "First Lord" did the patronising at the Westminster Industrial on Saturday, and, of course, took his cue from his chief, and left before the proceedings were half over. Everybody is going out of town that can go. The Ministerial Whitebait Dinner is likely to be a dismal failure, and why? Because they have not sent an invitation to

JESTER.

FIREWORKS.

Squib is happy to see that Mr. Hollingshead, has altered the the Gaiety programme. He paid a visit there the other Saturday night, and counted seven people in the stalls.

* * *

Hard lines for Hollingshead when Connie's grace, beauty, and somewhat tarnished reputation fail to attract the "*jeunesse dorée.*"

* * *

At the Olympic, "The Worship of Bacchus" has been removed from the bills, and a new American Drama substituted, entitled, "David Crockett," with Mr. Frank Mayo in the leading part. This gentleman appears to have done wonderful things in the "States." Let us hope he will do the same here, and attract crowded houses.

* * *

The series of five performances given at the Haymarket, for the benefit of Mr. Buckstone, were all that could be wished, and, we are happy to say, attended with every success.

* * *

This is the way talent should be recognised.

* * *

A new play by Mr. W. G. Wills is about to be produced at the Adelphi towards the end of September.

* * *

A very amusing farce by Mr. S. Clarke, entitled "Beautiful Biceps," is now being represented at the Folly.

* * *

A play entitled "Poor Relations," by Mr. James Willing and Mr. Leonard Rae, is to be produced at the Park Theatre on the 25th of this month, with an exceptionally strong cast.

* * *

Mr. Burnand's adaptation of "Bébé," entitled "Betsy," was produced last Wednesday night at the Criterion. Like most of the comedies produced at this house, it is very suggestive and amusing.

* * *

"Betsy" will draw, and has drawn.

* * *

At the Adelphi, "The Ticket of Leave Man" has been revived, with Messrs. Vezin, Neville, and Miss Foote in the principal parts, and with such a cast, cannot fail to be successful.

* * *

Squib has to go, in the execution of his duty as contributor to *London Life*, east, west, north, and south, and also to the other points of the compass, which make semi definitions, such as W.C., S.E., &c., &c. And, amongst other places, he was bound to go to "Lusby's."

* * *

Squib does not say that he was agreeably surprised, but he was certainly most agreeably entertained with what he saw there. Messrs. Crowder and Paynes have put a most attractive programme before their customers, and their programme is thoroughly carried out.

* * *

Folloy and O'Neil really earned the applause which was so bountifully accorded them; and Miss May Madden looked so pretty as a man, that Squib wished himself a girl for her sake. The "Ventriloquial Absurdity" and "Biddy Magee" were both great successes, and if Messrs. Crowder and Payne only continue to give their patrons an entertainment such as they now offer them, a prolonged succes to this house is deservedly assured.

* * *

The pretty little girl of 3, Albermarle Street, has promised to go to the play with Squib next week. I don't suppose she means it, but if she does, won't Squib enjoy himself.

* * *

Just by way of a change, I went to the Oxford the other evening, and there I saw Fred. Harrington, the "Anglo-Dutch, Tyrolean Double-Voiced Vocalist," and long as his title is, it is not too long to describe his merits. The Three Comical Coons outdid most of their rivals in the kicking business. Charles Godfrey and Mabel Vivian were, as they always are, and, I hope, will long continue to be, greeted with great applause. But, perhaps, the great feature of the evening was Shed Le Claire, in his Zampiller-ostation Act; not that it takes long for him to go through his performance, but it takes him longer to make ready, and, subsequently, to make unready. Still he is undeniably smart and clever at his work, and won well-deserved plaudits from a crowded house.

* * *

What about Kate Vaughan?

* * *

Can it be true that she has stepped it with a noble captain? Foolish girl, why did she not send a post-card to say that she would like to elope with

SQUIB.

THE STAGE AND PROSTITUTION.

It is all very well for those who support Thespis from interested motives to assert with vehemence that the stage is an engine only of good. It is all very well for bishops and smaller fry to declaim violently against all who will persist in maintaining that the stage's influence is at times brought to bear so as to cause effects as reprehensible and immoral as injurious to the common weal.

It is all very well for us to good-naturedly admit as a broad fact that the pieces placed upon the boards depicting real life almost invariably show vice baffled and virtue triumphant, thereby teaching a lesson moral in intent and good in principle, and leaving, Thespis's supporters would have us admit, no room to doubt that the stage is an immensely beneficial power.

It is all very well, likewise, to be told that the stageis the means of providing hundreds of fellow creatures with the means of livelihood, who would otherwise be entirely without resources; that the legitimate drama, when persisted in, can do no harm to its votaries and patrons, and so on; but it is monstrous not to assert, if necessary (and we deem it neccessary) that there is another and less picturesque side to the question, and though the advantages of the drama above alluded to (and we believe we have enumerated all its advantages) charity-like cover a multitude of sins, before we decide the question of whether or no the stage is a source of what is exclusively good, we will recount our serious personal experiences. We will lay before the reader the result of our enquiries; we will append our impressions, and premising that we deem the stage as at present constituted, at best, to an extent a source of prostitution and a demoralising agency; we will, if our conclusion be erroneous, be only too pleased to admit it, and thus finding our position untenable, we will immediately vacate it, thereby yielding with pleasure to the force of argument in directing a hopeless cause.

During the rehearsal season of the pantomime, the writer, with a friend, had reason to be one day at a public house in the not "Piesse-and-Lubiny" locality of Drury Lane. In the bar there were congregated a number of girls of all complexions, fair preponderating, but all of fine form, shapely limbs, and handsome features. A single glance at their faces was sufficient to show that they were not the regular habitues of the place; the writer interlocuted his friend, who has been a leading spirit in one of the three largest west end houses for tens of years, as to who or what they were. He elicited that these were the women who *ipso facto*—undressed—were placed in irons and highered or lowered, as the case may be, during the transformation.

"Does this do their morals any good?" we ventured to ask.

"Their morals," said our informant, as he averted his head, evidently impressed with his reply; "They come here good girls, but—" He did not proceed further; a father himself, he apparently felt for them, but preferred changing the subject.

Whether it is the proximity of the theatre to the haunts and street walks of women of the trade of flesh, whether it is the late hours they (players) keep, whtheer it is that craving for artificial excitement which is inherent in an actor or actress, whether it is the promiscuous intercourse, or mixing I should say, of the sexes, their being thrown to an enormous extent together, or whether it is the natural levity or gaity of their disposition which leads to the adoption amongst themselves of a code of morals generally more free and easy—less hard and fast than those which outside mortals bow to, whether it is the combination of the above causes, which is not unlikely, that leads to the above result, it certainly is a fact that those who have observed the "goings on" of the votaries of the boards have been impressed with, if I may so express it, the devil-may-care-ism of their natures. And noting the love of the gilded youth for "Bohemia," observing the magnetic attraction of the foot-lights to outsiders, of the wealthy Jew and libertine stockbroker order, noting every point that has come under our observation which refers to the love of Bohemia inherent in a vast number of mortals, we might epigramatically express our opinion thus—

> The air of Bohemia is frivolity,
> The breath of Bohemia is dissipation,
> The touch of Bohemia is sensuality.

We don't altogether hold our dramatic authors blamless, nor release them from bearing a full share of the responsibility of the depraved taste of both actress and audience now-a-days. Twist them and turn them how we will, lines of this sort can exercise no elevating or moral influence upon the speaker or hearers—

"'Strikes me these ladies knock about together." "There an old cucumber trying to play the gherkin." "Private room? Yes, sir." "See, he knows what we want." And "action" in business such as this is not calculated to enhance the usefulness or elevate the aphere of the drama by any means. *Scene, La Marjolaine's bedroom; she is undressing; lights down. Frikell gets out of his box and peeps at her.*

Even a suggestion in a late attempt of the "bonny Kate's" that she was to have "four co-husbands" (fancy, four co-husbands!) is not remarkable for its high moral meaning or entente. We might go on instancing and fill our journal with all the tit-bits of immorality the modern drama has produced, but such is not our intention.

May be our author will retaliate with that well-worn and hackneyed phrase, "to the pure all things are pure." We should decididly then feel inclined to tell him our conviction, which is, that an audience (a right-minded one) should and would feel insulted at being sat down to a dish of native pruriency and emasculated French, were it not for the fact that life is short, and that the ideas and morals of our women and ourselves (as stated in an article in this paper a few weeks back) are such as to preclude the possibility of their being, by any chance made, by any means, worse (barring the unlikely advent of universal laxity).

It is a well-known and acknowledged fact that a large number of women who appear nightly on the stage to the admiring gaze of the *jeunesse dorée* procure their living by means other than the exercise of their histrionic talents (?) Some of these ladies wear diamonds, sealskin jackets, and to avoid the risk of soiling their pretty boots are driven to the theatre, where they exhibit themselves, we can't say where they act, in their own broughams. Now we are compelled to ask, is there any difference between these women on the stage and their sisters who, less fortunate than themselves, are erst pacing the street in front of the house of amusement? Where lies the difference between strutting the stage and strutting the street? Between walking the boards and walking the pavement?

Now in this country it is denied to a prostitute the right to advertise in the public papers for a *clientèle*, but once let her get on the stage, once let her tread the boards, and her name forthwith appears in all the papers; a letter addressed to her at the theatre will find her, and besides the splendid advertisement, she is allowed to show far more of her pretty figure while on the boards than she could possibly hope to do, publicly, under any other circumstances whatever; but let us proceed, these ladies do not get on the stage owing to tneir histronic ability, oh, dear no! Let us imagine a handsome, well dressed woman alighting from a hansom at the Gaiety or any other theatre and applying to Mr. Hollingshead or Mr. Brown for a situation in the chorus as extra lady, is it likely he would enquire as to her antecedents? or if he engaged her, could he be expected to stand at the stage door watching nightly with whom or under what circumstances she left the theatre?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAUCY GIRLS.

[CONTINUED.]

Lower down the social scale we reach the low level of mere respectability, and even here, amongst the middle classes, do we find sauciness abound, not of the same degree certainly—for sauciness, like every other attribute, is a subject of gratulation—but still derived from the same inspiration, of the mixed spirits of vanity and conceit. Here we have it not so highly refined, 'tis true, but more exhilirating in its less constrained frankness, although of course in this section of society behaviour is determined by the presence or absence of ma or pa, who are ever stern in their exactions of genteel propriety. Miss Cheeseit (it is to be observed that the employment of Christian names is an insult to respectability), who holds up her head as high as the best of them, and who, like Tony Lumpkin's select companions, damns everything "low," who kicks her heels about in the ballroom like a French prima donna on the boards in a can-can, who returns pert answers to gallant salutations, makes vulgar personal observations as an exhibition of wit, propagates scandal with candid nonchalance, laughs as loud as a clown at a gate, and intermittently giggles at the discomforting effects of her impudent sallies; she is a saucy girl of the mediocrity.

It is an interesting pastime to observe what variations of sauciness infect genteel circles, for here you have art and affectation combined, producing the most ludicrous effect. Miss Flame imagines she is a belle, and therefore assumes an air of familiar condescension, and under the impression that all gentlemen are dying of love for her, apes a thousand tricks of seeming indifference, and while the whole room is secretly laughing at her arrogance, tosses her head and waggles her tail in the conscious assurance of irresistible beauty. Miss Flare too, the daughter of persons who have risen in life, is bred with a holy horror of mean connections, and a pious regard for the superiority of wealth, consequently Miss Flare asserts her behaviour according to her means. The rich she bores with her intrusion of accomplishments, the genteel by her bouncing hilarity, and the humble by her lofty consequence. Miss Flare is a saucy girl of the offensive class, who pride themselves upon being ladies, without having the first rudiments of common civility. But what shall we say of Miss Flam, Miss Flounce, and Miss Flight, the wanton harridans of gaiety, whose virtues are in their heels, perfections in their stockings, and charms in their stays; whose only consideration of attraction is in personal adornments.

These girls have eyes, noses, lips, legs and arms, and all the perfect anatomy of symmetrical development to attract admiration and inflame desire. But when they open their mouths, egad! their business is settled effectually, for their tongues betray their minds as the acmé of sauciness. They are existing specimens of comely womanhood degraded by coarse instincts and tainted conceptions.

> A pretty foot, a sparkling eye,
> May catch a fop or hook a guy,
> But never net affection.
> Sense and beauty both allied
> Must e'er create an honest pride,
> A wise man's predilection.

Now we have arrived at the common strata of the residuum, and mix, forsooth, without a qualm, amongst the lowly born. Here we have life without affectation, and certainly without grand breeding. This is not a holiday but a working-day portion of existence. The daily struggle for bare necessaries here preclude the time and desire for innovation, and the anomaly is found of civilised barbarity. Yet even here the innate passion for conquest exists, for girls will be girls to all eternity; and wherever a petticoat is found so surely there exists the irrepressible longing for captivation. Poll, and Sall, and Meg hath charms, and flaunt them with as much pride as any high-born lady. Beauty here—ostentatious beauty—is certainly of a very bold, not to say brazen, cast, for liberty is constrained by no conventional rules, and what the heart desires the will provides. Saucy Sue or Peggy are not affected with diffidence, not they; they like the "chaps," and own it, and the more they attract the greater their triumph. It must moreover be owned that they have very pretty ways of endearment, and dote on a good romp or cuddle, and no matter how surly or phlegmatic their "fancies" may be, they will fondle and love 'em, the dears! despite of all indifference. They know better than these stupid fellows do themselves that they want a "gal," and so they match themselves with a "mate." There is no humbug about these saucy girls, no coyness, no secresy, their amorous proclivities are very openly expressed, being deterred by no consideration of real or assumed modesty. Courting? fiddlesticks! They don't go in for such a humdrum routine of prefatory prologue to a domestic drama. Let them alone to chuck their admirers under the chin, fling their arms round their necks, give them smacking busses, bandy congenial jokes, and allow their wild natures the rein; and then if Bob, or Sam, or Dick don't do the "square" after their sluggish blood is incited by dalliance, then magisterial aid is invoked, or marriage rendered inevitable.

Thus do we find saucy girls in every grade of life and without wishing to place prudish restraints upon merriment and vivacity, for there is a source of fun and hilarity, which pleasantly flavours enjoyment, still we leave it to our readers to determine whether pretty faces and splendid figures condone for the lack of those inexpressible charms which irresistibly steal the way to their hearts, and grow upon the judgment. We confess to being great admirers of the fair sex; we like amazingly their pretty contrivances and diverting playfulness, but nevertheless we candidly avow that if we were the Grand Turk himself we would rather stock our harem like Noah's ark than run the risk of being driven stark, staring mad, by peopling it with "Saucy Girls."

Thank God we've got a Lord Mayor,
But I think we might very well spare
That terrible flash and great flare,
With which he presumed to declare,
That Dizzy was statesman so rare,
That none could attempt to compare
With qualities none of us share;
But still few would very much care,
If deprived of our gorgeous Lord Mayor.

* * *

So does not think our "lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." He has for five years been the annual guest of the presiding magistrate at the Mansion House, and how did he deliver himself.

* * *

But before he was delivered the Lord Mayor was fain to make a fool of himself, and prate about "Peace with Honour" not being an empty boast.

* * *

What was he talking about? Was he talking for a handle to his name? No doubt he will in due time receive his reward.

* * *

But the Lord Mayor, although he led up to it and tried to get some definite expression of opinion from our Israelitish Premier, did not succeed in getting much information from the "Asian Mystery."

* * *

Of course he "rounded" on the "Sultan," and of course he buttered the "Czar."

* * *

He dilated at great length on the commercial depression which is unfortunately now so prevalent, and he made all sorts of plausible reasons, but forgot to tell us the real one, which is the disgraceful system of extravagance carried on by the present iniquitous government, which has plunged us into two unnecessary wars, and saddled us with the bill to pay.

* * *

He talked a great deal about "peasant proprietorship," and, in fact, all through his speech attempted, and attempted successfully, to throw dust in the eyes of those gazing upon him round the festive board.

* * *

But he very carefully avoided the subjects which are just now most particularly troubling the minds of us all.

* * *

He was eloquent about a peasant proprietor having to purchase spades and harrows, and got his sympathetic hearers into a very dismal fog on the subject.

* * *

But he was a great deal too discreetly silent about the massacre of thousands of Zulus, who were only doing their duty in attempting to repel the foreign invader.

* * *

"Peace with Honour" forsooth!

* * *

Exterminate a whole population, and you will get peace of some kind.

* * *

But where is the honour or glory? Does not the blood of these murdered men rest on the heads of our governors?

* * *

The wily Jew evaded, as far as he could, the question of the raid upon the Afghans.

* * *

But these post-prandial orations do not always decisively finish the subject. You are sometimes subjected to unpleasant remarks from gentlemen in "another place," which very considerably abate the self-complacency which you may have acquired through the fulsome adulation given you by an overfed and overdrunk audience.

Poor Beaky had a bad time of it really, notwithstanding the after-dinner applause, which was of course given him. But in spite of all that, you can always be jolly when you have a sympathetic audience, but the old Jew was so very much afraid of treading on dangerous ground, that he was obliged to go into generalities, but Sir Stafford Northcote in the House of Commons had a warm time of it.

* * *

Mr. Parnell very emphatically stated, "that every man killed in Afghanistan, be believed, had been murdered." And so the were.

* * *

And so will the noble Sheeny discover when he goes to the country.

* * *

Is it not time that we had other men to rule over us, rather than the present plunderers and blunderers?

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"THE PET OF THE CUSTOMERS."—Why will you insist on leaving us, we shall all be broken-hearted, and where will Walter be when he has lost you? We hope that you are not "going away to stay away."

POLLY.—Just so. He was wrong to talk in the manner you describe. But still, under the circumstances, we cannot help thinking that there may have been a slight ebullition of temper on your part. Why did you have him?

SIDNEY.—1. You foolish little woman, why did you not tell him you were going to North Woolwich Gardens, and then, of course, he would have gone with you there? 2. It is not generally *comme il faut* to dance to the strains of a barrel organ after eleven o'clock at night.

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